

# PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen, who  
for their Improvement and Diversion, acted  
**The Orphan, and Cheats of Scapin;**  
the last Night of the Year 1719.

**B**R A W Lads, and bonny Lasses, welcome here; —  
But wha's to entertain ye. — never speer. —  
Quietness is best. — Tho we be leal and true,  
Good Sense and Wit's mair than we dare avow. —  
Some Body says to some Fouk, We're to blame,  
That 'tis a Scandal and black-burning Shame  
To thole young Callands thus to grow sae snack,  
And leär — O mighty Crimes! — to speak and act. —  
Stage-Plays, quoth Dunce, are unco' Things indeed!  
He said. — He gloom'd. — and shook his thick boſs Head.  
They're *Papery, Papery!* — cry'd his Nibour neift,  
Contriv'd at *Rome* by some malignant Priest,  
To witch awa' Fouks Minds frae doing well,  
As saith *Rab Ker, McMillan and McNeil,*

B U T let them tauk. — In spite of ilk Cadaver,  
 We'll cherish Wit, and scorn their Fead or Favour ;  
 We'll strive to bring in active Eloquence,  
 Tho for a while upon our Fame's Expence. —  
 I'm wrang. — Our Fame will mount with metled Carles,  
 And for the rest, we'll be aboon their Snarles. —  
 Knock down the Fools, wha dare with empty Rage  
 Spit in the Face of Virtue and the Stage.  
 'Cause Hereticks in Pulpits thump and rair,  
 Must naithing orthodox b' expected there ;  
 Because a Rump cut off a Royal Head,  
 Must not another Parli'ment succeed.  
 Thus tho the *Drama's* aft debauch'd and rude,  
 Must we for some are bad, refuse the good :  
 Answer me that, — if there be ony Log,  
 That's come to keek upon us here *incog.*,  
 Anes. — Twice. — Thrice. — But now I think on't, stay  
 I've something else to do, and must away. —  
 This PROLOGUE was design'd for Use and Sport,  
 The Chiel that made it let him answer for't.

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by Allan Ramsay

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